

TWO OPTIMISTS

(A letter to Joseph Jefferson, acknowledging a copy of Miss Keller's essay on "Optimism.")

To read it, I would I had the art. For this small book that holds a mighty heart, shimmering as it does, leaves Helen's creed in thought and word; in many a lovely deed.

In facing what would crush a lesser soul, Making of barriers deep to reach the goal.

In smiling with all; in human kindness To the blind of heart (dear girl not this be blindness).

As well as to her brethren of the dark And silent world, who through her see and hear.

In bringing out of darkness a great light, Which burns and beacons high in all men's sight.

That exquisite spirit is true optimism! Yet there are other names in the bright list.

If faith in man and woman that still leads, Though chilled by seventy winters' bitter blasts;

If seeing, as you see, the good in evil, And even something Christian in the devil;

If power to take misfortune as a friend And to be cheerful to the very end; Not to be spoiled by praise, nor deeply stung By the detractor's sharp and envious tongue;

If living in fairy-land as really now As when leaves' dew was fresh on childhood's brow;

If seeing, in this, the world as through a prism Of lovely colors in true optimism, Then Joseph is true optimism to me. And Heaven will bless the world to be like him.

—R. W. Gilmer, in The Century.

RAPID FIRE ROMANCE

MERRILY the little steamer bobbed up and down for a stiff easterly wind was blowing across the lake. Most of the passengers had sought the refuge and seclusion of the cabin and seemed to be engaged desperately in praying for death. But two still remained on deck.

They were Orlando G. Spoonamore, capitalist and young man of leisure, captain of the first part, and a handsome young woman with fluffy brown hair, party of the second part, and they happened to be sitting side by side.

She was absorbed in a copy of the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Star, and he was reading the automobile news in a daily paper—when he wasn't glancing at his fair companion out of the corner of his starboard eye.

The wind freshened and he proceeded to button his light overcoat. But the top button was unaccountably missing. To the best of his recollection it was there when he boarded the boat. The breeze, or something, must have torn it off.

Mechanically he detached the stickpin from his necktie and pinned the two flaps securely together. Then he resumed his reading.

And his glancing.

Presently having finished the story, the young woman raised her head, looked around her with sudden surprise, and started to rise.

Mr. Spoonamore felt a slight tug at his chest. He looked down.

To his horror he found that he had pinned the loose flap of his light gray strap to his overcoat. She discovered it at the same moment, and turned red with anger and mortification.



MERRILY SHE LEANED A LITTLE NEARER HIM.

covered it at the same moment, and turned red with anger and mortification.

"What does this mean, sir?" she demanded, in freezing, indignant tones.

"I beg your pardon," he stammered. "It was an accident. I had lost a button from my coat, and I supposed I was shutting up the garment with a pin. I had no intention—"

"But you haven't lost a button, sir," she interrupted. "For she could see it plainly."

He looked down again.

"I see you are right," he said, his self-possession gradually returning; "but I thought I had."

"Will you release me, sir, at once!" Her eyes flashed dangerously, but he did not flinch.

"I fear you will have to sit down again," he proceeded to explain. "These two flaps are fastened together with my stickpin, and it has a patent fastening on the shank, for safety from the light-fingered gentry. I screwed it up tightly, and it will be a work of time to unfasten it."

She sat down again, but stiffly, and without a word.

"I never expected," he remarked, as he fumbled with the pin, "to form a sudden attachment like this—"

"Sir!"

"I'll have no suspended operations for a moment. Here come two of three persons hurrying to the rail, to look at the water, I presume. May I ask you to unbend a little, and appear to be engaged in an animated conversation with me, purely for the purpose of averting suspicion?"

"I will not! Such a position as this is intolerable—unthinkable!"

"It is. It is impossible. But it exists, my lords and gentlemen, like the human race—"

"Besides," she again interrupted, relaxing a trifle at the humor of the situation forced itself upon her, "it isn't proper for me to be engaged in conversation with a total stranger."

"O, yes, it is. If it were not, they wouldn't do it in those delightful stories you've read so often in that paper. It's quite the thing these days. To remove the curse, however, allow me to introduce—"

"But I don't wish—"

"Pardon me, but let me ask you not to be so cold and distant—especially not so distant. You'll expose the nature of the tie that binds us. One of those persons is looking at us curiously."

Hurriedly she leaned a little nearer to him.

"That's better. As I was about to say, my name is Orlando G. Spoonamore. I move in respectable society, and personally I am entirely harmless. I don't look like a cannibal, do I?"

"N—no, but—"

"And your name, as I have just discovered by looking at the printed tag on that paper, is—"

She hastily turned the paper the other side up.

"Too late. You are Miss Gioriana Goovius. I am delighted to meet you in this informal, unpremeditated way, and become so close an acquaintance in so short a time. Asking your pardon for dropping into slang I will add that I am decidedly struck on—"

"I don't believe you are trying to—"

"To separate us!"

"Praised be the hand that would do such a thing! Still," he continued, tugging at the refractory fastening, "I am doing the best I can. Suppose you see if you can't help me."

A moment later their hands touched beneath the protecting flaps.

With a furious blush she drew hers away—with considerable effort, for Orlando had a muscular grasp—and she was about to become distant again when she remembered the necessity for caution.

"Miss Gioriana—Goovius," he gasped, as she hastily moved closer, and her fluffy hair blew across his face. "I think I can—get this thing loose—pretty soon—if you will sit just as you are, and be perfectly calm!—I'm afraid you will have to help me again."

"I won't."

"Well, my hands are so—so numb from this cold breeze that I shall have to give it up. I suggest that we go into the cabin, seat ourselves in some secluded corner, and—"

"Yes! Yes! Let us go at once!"

"But we shall have to move with caution, and you will have to walk exceedingly close to me, in order not to—"

"I see."

Is there anybody so densely ignorant as not to understand that it was absolutely necessary for Orlando to put his arm protectingly around her lovely form as they proceeded cautiously toward the cabin? Think how the boat was pitching!

An hour passed away.

They were still occupying a double seat in a corner of the cabin. By a joint effort, which took considerable time, they had succeeded in extracting the stickpin, but they seemed to have forgotten it, and were sitting close together.

Hand in hand.

A far shook the boat.

"Here we are, sweetheart!" whispered the young man, "at old St. Joe!"

"But, Orlando, how dreadfully unconventional it would be for us to go and be married now, on such short acquaintance! The idea is absurd!"

"Not at all, Gioriana," he said, triumphantly. "It's eminently proper. That's the way all these stories end!"

—Chicago Tribune.

Twelve Tons of Drinks.

Computing upon the basis of a pint of beer a day and a bottle of whisky a week, a man who has used liquors for the last 50 years has figured out that in that time he has consumed more than 12 tons of fluids. A bottle of whisky a week is not an unusual indulgence, since it is less than three drinks a day, and yet in 50 years the total will have reached a sum of 2,900 bottles, while in the same time the beer consumed represents about 255 nine-gallon kegs. This seems a pretty big "load" for one man to carry, but it must be remembered that when distributed over 15,262 days the average is small enough, and that during that time probably 1,500 tons of solids have been consumed. Food and drink for one man for 50 years, if delivered at one time, would make a lengthy procession of carts.

Did He Catch the Hint?

"The papers say that a big lobster trust has been formed recently, Mr. Sotheby."

"But I can't see how that interests me, Miss Sharp."

"Why, I thought perhaps you'd want to come out and say you were not in the trust."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Two Openings.

Friend—Sorry they defeated you, my boy. Too bad.

Candidate—Well, it can't be helped.

What are you going to do now?

"I can't say. Haven't decided yet whether to open a saloon or start a magazine."—Houston Chronicle.

ABOUT SHOCKING WHEAT.

Details Make the Work Three-Fold More Simple When Followed to the Letter.

Most people are probably familiar, in a general way, with the principles and methods used in wheat shocking. Yet there are details, the conformation to, or neglect of, which makes all the difference between a first-class job and a poor one. I wish to show here some of the details which make for convenience and excellence in the work. I find the following plan of setting up a shock most satisfactory: Set down four bundles in a row, and follow with one in the middle on each side. Now place a bundle in each of the four vacant places, and put on two caps. For caps, select bundles with long straws above the heads. They will cover the shock better, and will not fall off so easily. Place the heads of the caps in the direction from which the strongest winds blow. If the heads face the wind, the caps will not blow off as readily as they will if the butts face it.

Here are a few general suggestions, says the Rural New Yorker. If the shock has been set up as here directed, it will contain 12 bundles. Experience teaches that this is very nearly the right number. Some little variation, of course, is allowable. But if a shock is much smaller, it lacks stability; and the same is true if the shock is much larger, especially if the wheat is dead ripe. When the wheat is dead ripe, the heads stand out, and especially in a large shock, the bundles are liable to fall down. If the heads stand out, it is a good plan to hug the shock tightly before capping. In a large shock slightly green wheat is apt to mold. When starting a shock, if convenient, start it in the middle of the bunch of bundles. This will save the time and labor involved in carrying bundles around the shock. If practicable, put shocks in exactly straight rows. This will not increase the yield but will make it easier to get at in handling from the field. If pushed for time, however, put shocks where most convenient. One cannot afford, in so practical a matter as wheat shocking, to sacrifice economy for neatness. To avoid dampness as much as possible, place shocks out of depressions. While it is true that only the butts would be wet by the surface water, it is also true that a shock, once wet, will dry out more quickly on dry than on damp ground.

If the foregoing suggestions are followed in shocking wheat, two very desirable things will, I think, be accomplished. The work will be done with a minimum of time and energy, and a first-class job of work will be done. I helped to shock over 40 acres of wheat last summer, during which these suggestions were kept in mind. As a result fewer caps blew off, fewer shocks fell down, and a neater appearance was made than in neighboring fields.

A YOUNG PIC PROTECTOR.

Many Hogs Are Lost at Farrowing Time, But If This Appliance Is Used Results Are Better.

A great many pigs are lost at farrowing time, more by far than there would be if proper precautions were taken in the farrowing pens, says the Farmers' Review. Much of this loss is due to smothering, and by the mother lying on them, squeezing out their life.

Loss from this source can easily be prevented if proper protection is provided.

PROTECTION FOR YOUNG PIGS.

The cut shows one method of affording means for the young pigs to secure protection against the sow. The end pieces "a" are from six to eight inches high and as wide as the protecting board "b," which may be either six or eight inches wide. It will be found best to have this board extend all the way around the farrowing pen, or on three sides at least. Where boards are not conveniently at hand light poles may be used, or any other material that will serve the purpose of providing a suitable place "b," where the pig may be protected.

Using the Tin Cans.

The tin cans which were saved up last winter will come handy now. If there is a barrelful of them, they will not come amiss. Punch holes in the bottom, then set one by the side of each tomato, eggplant or pepper. When the weather becomes dry these cans are filled with water, which soaks down gradually and reaches the roots as wanted. If some kind of fertilizer is put in the cans, so much the better. By this means the water is applied where it does the most good, beneath the surface and about the roots.—Farmers' Review.

It has been discovered that the high prices offered for horses by the Russians last winter caused the theft of many animals from the Chinese imperial stables. The stolen horses were sold to the Russians for cavalry mounts.

At the next consistory the pope will make Braga, bishop of Petropolis, a cardinal, in accordance with Brazil's special request. Braga will be the first South American cardinal.

Wild birds do not sing more than eight or ten weeks in the year.

WAS OUTSIDE ALL RIGHT.

And Far Enough, According to the Witness, to Help His Case Considerably.

"Now," said the lawyer for the prosecution, according to the Baltimore American, "we have a witness who actually saw and identified the prisoner outside the apartments of the lady who was robbed. Will the witness please state his name to the jury?"

"William Smith."

"Where were you on the night of April 1 last?"

"In Baltimore, Md."

"Please tell the jury whom you saw that night."

"I saw a large number of people that night."

"You know what I mean. Tell me if you saw the defendant, Jake Tuff, out on that night."

"I did."

"You are sure it was he?"

"Yes, sir."

"Look again at him, closely, and see if you are still certain it was he."

"Yes," after a long, careful scrutiny, "it was him."

"You saw him outside Mrs. Lotsova's apartments, did you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where, to be exact, did you see him?"

"At Druid Hill park."

"I mean where, in the vicinity of Mrs. Lotsova's apartments?"

"I didn't say I saw him in that vicinity."

"What do you mean?"

"I said I saw him outside this woman's apartments. I did. That was about a mile and a half outside of 'em, to the best of my knowledge and belief."

FAILS TO LEARN ONE THING

Barring That the Coachman Might Easily Become Master of the Automobile.

A retired Irish major sold his horse and carriage and bought a motor car, but instead of engaging a chauffeur he determined to send his faithful old coachman to a Dublin firm of engineers for a course of lessons in small repairs, relates London Tit-Bits.

"You will go through a two months' training," he explained to Pat, as he handed him a check for his expenses, "during which time you will make yourself thoroughly familiar with the engine and all its works."

"Yes, sir," was Pat's reply.

"You will note every wheel and crank and learn what they are for and what they have to do, so that when you return you will be equal to any emergency."

"I will, sir," said Pat, and having signed the check away down in his trousers pocket, he took his departure.

In two months' time he returned with the conqueror's look in his eye.

"Well, Pat, have you succeeded?"

"I have, sir."

"And you know everything about the motor?"

"I know all, sir, from the big lamp in front to the little numbers behind—except one thing," the new chauffeur added, as he nervously plucked a few hairs from his new bearskin coat.

"And what is it you don't know?" demanded the major.

"Well, I don't quite understand yet what makes the blessed thing move without horses."

SAVED BY HIS MANNERS.

Monkey of Washington Street Musician Puts Dog to Rout with Politeness.

The superintendent of the National Zoological park at Washington tells of an amusing act of apparent politeness on the part of a monkey that had a most peculiar effect upon a dog belonging to the superintendent.

The official in question says that one day, while he was walking down Pennsylvania avenue, accompanied by his favorite fox-terrier, an Italian street piano-player, with a trained monkey, pulled up at a cross-street and began to play.

The monkey was attired in the regulation jacket and cap, and seemed to be an unusually bright little fellow. While the man was grinding out the music, the monkey hopped down from the piano where he had been sitting.

This was enough for the fox-terrier. He immediately made a dash for the monkey, which awaited the onslaught with such equanimity that the dog halted within a few feet of him, evidently to reconsider. Both animals stared long and steadily at each other; then, with a sudden movement, the monkey raised his paw and gracefully saluted the enemy by raising his cap.

The effect was magical. The dog's head and tail dropped, and he retired in confusion.

Whale Flesh.

Newfoundland is developing a new industry, the marketing of whale flesh in place of beef. One of the dealers claims that whale meat tastes "more like venison than beef," and is "a tempting article of diet." One firm intends shortly to try a shipment to the English market, where it expects that it will be able to retail whale meat at three cents to six cents a pound. The meat has already been shipped in large quantities to the West Indies, where it is much appreciated by the natives.

Lone Exception.

"I declare," said the drummer in the Kentucky town on court day, "you have all kinds of vehicles around here."

"Yes, sah," replied Col. Bourbon, proudly. "Every kind but water wagons."—Chicago Daily News.

CONCERNING CHURCHMEN.

Pope Pius goes on as he began, preaching and practicing the simple life. He has been reducing display on the one hand and salaries on the other.

Mrs. John W. Cox, wife of a New York architect, is the first woman to become principal of the Chautauque Institute, one of the best known Quaker schools.

Gov. Hoch of Kansas is an ardent Methodist. Since his going to Topeka as governor he has been much in demand as a speaker at church affairs of different denominations. The governor feels even more at home in a church affair than he does at a political convention.

A Capuchin, expelled by the French government from the convent of Hay-onne, has just been decorated by the Spanish government for an act of heroism. Near his convent of refuge in Burgos a child was badly burned. To save it from death by the process of grafting, this brave monk gave 23 pieces of his own skin.

Rev. Frank D. Chada has been for 12 years pastor of the Bohemian work in Baltimore. His church now has 50 members and there are 270 pupils enrolled in the Sunday school, 30 in the kindergarten, and 180 girls in the sewing school. The church also maintains boys' and girls' clubs and a mothers' meeting.

RAILROAD RATE LEGISLATION

It Is Unconstitutional and Unnecessary to Confiscate the Property of the Railways.

Testifying before the Senate Committee at Washington, Inter-State Commerce Commission Fronty said in discussing the proposition to give to that Commission the power to regulate railway rates:

"I think the railways should make their own rates. I think they should be allowed to develop their own business. I have never advocated any law, and I am not now in favor of any law, which would put the rate making power into the hands of any commission or any court. While it may be necessary to do that some time, while that is done in some states at the present time, while it is done in some countries, I am opposed to it."

The railway rate is property. It is all the property that the railway has got. The rest of its property is not good for anything unless it can charge a rate. Now it has always seemed to me that when a rate was fixed, if that rate was an unreasonable rate, it deprives the railroad company of its property pro tanto. It is not necessary that you should confiscate the property of a railroad; it is not necessary that you should say that it shall not earn three per cent, or four per cent. When you put in a rate that is inherently unreasonable, you have deprived that company of its rights, of its property, and the Circuit Court of the United States has jurisdiction under the fourteenth amendment to restrain that. . . . I have looked at these cases a great many times, and I can only come to the conclusion that a railroad company is entitled to charge a fair and reasonable rate, and if any order of a commission, if any statute of a state legislature, takes away that rate, the fourteenth amendment protects the railway company."

In the Back Parlor.

The young man was struggling for a kiss.

"Don't Stop!"

"Was this the young lady adjured him."

The young man was wise in his generation. He didn't stop.—Chicago Sun.

Or Assert.

Most men will admit that they have more brains than money.—N. Y. Times.

HER WEAKNESS GONE

HOT FLASHES AND SINKING SPELLS CONQUERED AT LAST.

Mrs. Murphy Tells Her Fellow-Sufferers How She Got Rid of Nervous Troubles by Simple Home Treatment.

"I had been bothered for several years," said Mrs. Murphy, "by stomach disorder, and finally I became very weak and nervous. Flashes of heat would pass over me, and I would feel as if I was sinking down. At such times I could not do any household work, but would have to lie down, and afterwards I would have very trying nervous spells."

"Didn't you have a doctor?" she was asked.

"Yes, I consulted several doctors but my health did not improve. One day a friend asked me why I did not try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. She assured me that they had proved of the greatest benefit in the case of her daughter. In fact, she promised me so enthusiastically that my husband got me a box."

"And what was the result?"

"Before I had taken half of the first box my condition was greatly improved. The quickness with which they reached and relieved all my troubles was really surprising. After I had used only three boxes I had no more heat-flashes or weak spells. Thanks to them, I have become a well woman."

Mrs. Mary D. Murphy lives at No. 1903 Force street, Port Wayne, Indiana. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, the remedy which she found so satisfactory, furnish directly to the blood the elements that give vigor to every tissue of the body. They can be depended on to revive failing strength, and to banish nervousness. Their tonic properties are absolutely unsurpassed.

As soon as there is drag, or dizziness, or pallor, or poor circulation, or disordered digestion, or restlessness, or pains, or irregularities of any kind these famous pills should be used. They have cured the most obstinate cases of anemia, dyspepsia, rheumatism, neuralgia, nervous prostration and even partial paralysis.

If you desire information specially suited to your own case write directly to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y. Every woman should have a copy of Dr. Williams' "Plain Talks to Women," which will be mailed free to any address on request. Any druggist can supply the pills.

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